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## WHY SAVAGES CONTINUE SAVAGE.

CAPT. PRATT, INDIAN TEACHER.

Five million, two hundred and forty-six thousand, six hundred and thirteen foreigners immigrated to the United States between 1880 and 1890. The detailed census report is not yet out and we cannot tell how many tongues were represented in this vast throng. We, ourselves, have seen at Castle Garden, N. Y., Arabs, Turks, Russians, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Italians, French, Spanish and the representatives of a few other nations. They and their children are with us to-day, but where are they? Scattered everywhere in the very midst of the best environment of our America, they have abandoned their languages, have abandoned Arabia, Turkey, Italy, Russia, Spain, etc., with all their former habits, and have become Americans. 5,246,613 foreigners made American citizens in ten years. 250,000 Indians, who were Indians ten years ago, are all still practically Indians. Why? Simply because we will not allow them the same environment of America and our civilization we do the others. Twenty-one foreigners for every Indian! The foreigners made Americans and citizens by being invited, urged, compelled to this consummation by their surroundings. The Indians remain Indians simply because they are walled in on reservations and compelled by every force we can apply even to the hedging about with guns, pistols and swords, to remain Indians.

Suppose the 5,246,613 foreigners who have immigrated to America in the past ten years instead of being distributed throughout our communities had been sent to reservations—each nationality by itself, we ask if any reasonable person could, for one moment, anticipate that they would have made any material progress in becoming Anglicized or Americanized.

It is only when we do allow them to congregate in bodies together that they give us trouble. Scattered and in contact on all sides with our own people they become of us. Massed in communities by themselves they, more or less, oppose the principles and the spirit of our Government. The negroes are about thirty times as many in the United States as the Indians, and yet they were savages of a very low state when brought to this country. Now, because of environment, they are English speaking and fellow citizens. With these facts constantly before me, I have come to look upon all plans which congregate and isolate the Indians from the whites as against their best interests.—*The Red Man*.

## THE LAST INDIAN BATTLE.

The following pathetic description of the scene on the battlefield at Wounded Knee Creek is from a letter sent to Boston by Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux, who was graduated last summer from the Boston University. It was addressed to Mr. Frank Wood of Boston, well known to us.—ED.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., Jan. 3, 1891.

Dear Mr. Wood—I will send you a short letter. Thursday morning I visited the field of battle where all those Indians were killed on the Wounded Knee, last Monday. I went there to get the wounded—some who were left out. The soldiers brought with them about twenty-five, and I found eleven who were still living. Among them were two babies about three months old

and an old woman who is totally blind, who was left for dead. Four of them were found out in the field in the storm, which was very severe; they were half buried in the snow. It was a terrible and horrible sight to see women and children lie in groups, dead. I suppose they were of one family. Some of the young girls wrapped their heads with shawls and buried their faces with their hands. I suppose they did that so that they would not see the soldiers come up to shoot them. At one place there were two little children, one about one year old, the other about three, lying on their faces, dead; and about thirty yards from them a woman lay on her face, dead. These were away from the camp about an eighth of a mile. In front of the tents, which were in a semi-circle, lay dead most of the men. This was right by one of the soldiers' tents. Those who were still living told me that that was where the Indians were ordered to hold a council with the soldiers.

The accounts of the battle by the Indians were simple and confirmed one another; that the soldiers ordered them to go into camp, for they were moving them and told them that they would give them provisions. Having done this they (the Indians) were asked to give up their arms, which was complied with by most of them, in fact, all the older men. But many of the younger men did not comply, because either they had no arms or concealed them in their blankets, and then an order was given to search their persons and the tents as well, and when a search was made of a wretch of an Indian, who was known as good for nothing, he made the first shot and killed one of the soldiers.

They fired upon the Indians instantaneously. Shells were thrown among the women and children, so that they mutilated them most horribly. I tried to go to the field the next day with some Indians, but I was not allowed. I think it was a wise thing not to go so early. Even Thursday I thought I would be shot. Some of the Indians (friendly) found their relations lay dead. They wailed and began to pull out their guns. My friend, Louis de Coteau, was with me, but left me when they acted in this manner. Before we left the hostiles appeared, so we did not take in all the wounded. Those we could not carry away we left in a log house and gave them food. I am busy in taking care of the wounded. I shall write in a day or so again. My love to all.

Affectionately yours, CHAS. A. EASTMAN.

## A COMPETENT WITNESS.

John W. Atherton, of Kentucky, president of the Liquor Dealers' League, was asked by one of our journalists the following question:

"Is not high license harmful to your trade?"

His reply was: "Theoretically, yes; but practically, no."

There could not be anything better than this  
Old world in the way it began,  
Although some matters have gone amiss  
From the great original plan;  
And however dark the skies may appear,  
And however souls may blunder,  
I tell you it all will work out clear,  
For good lies over and under.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*.